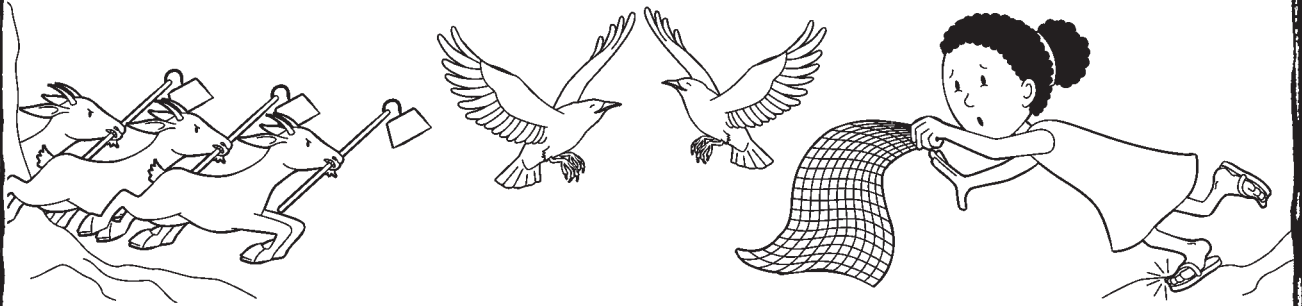


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Joan's Goats and Moe's Crows

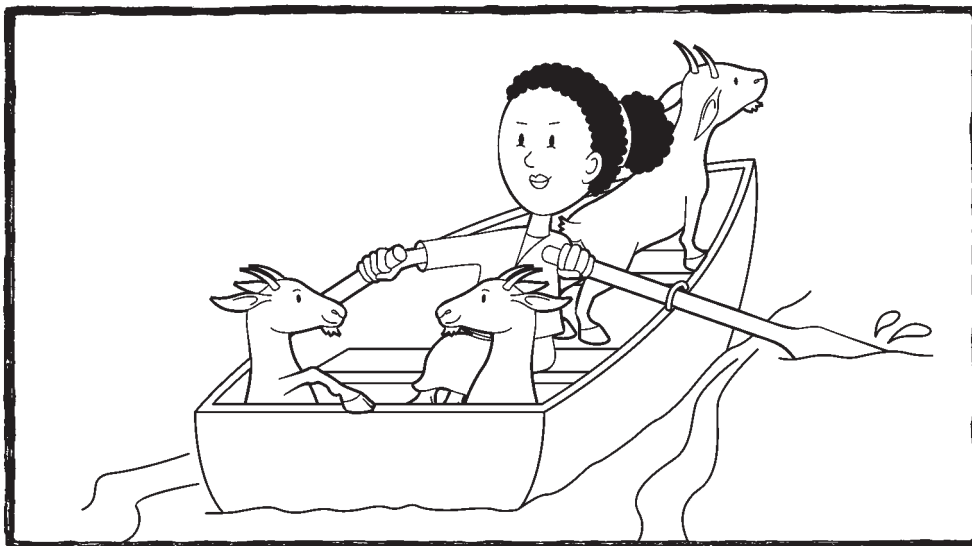


Written by Vic Moors • Illustrated by Signe Nordin

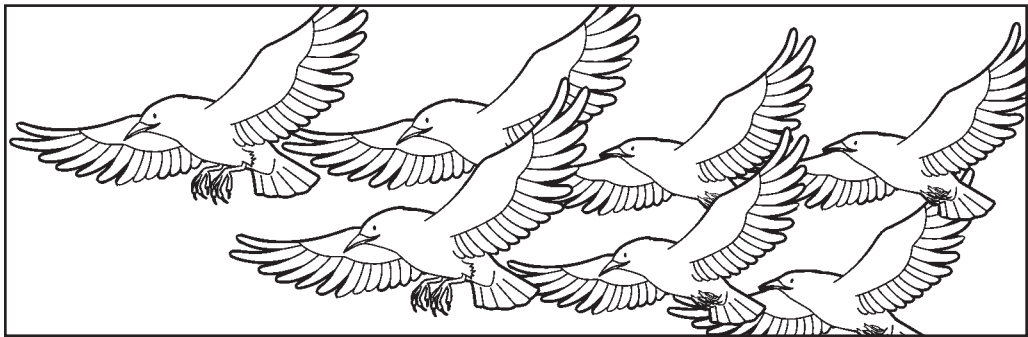
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Joan's Goats and Moe's Crows

A Reading A-Z Decodable Book • Word Count: 420



Joan's Goats and Moe's Crows

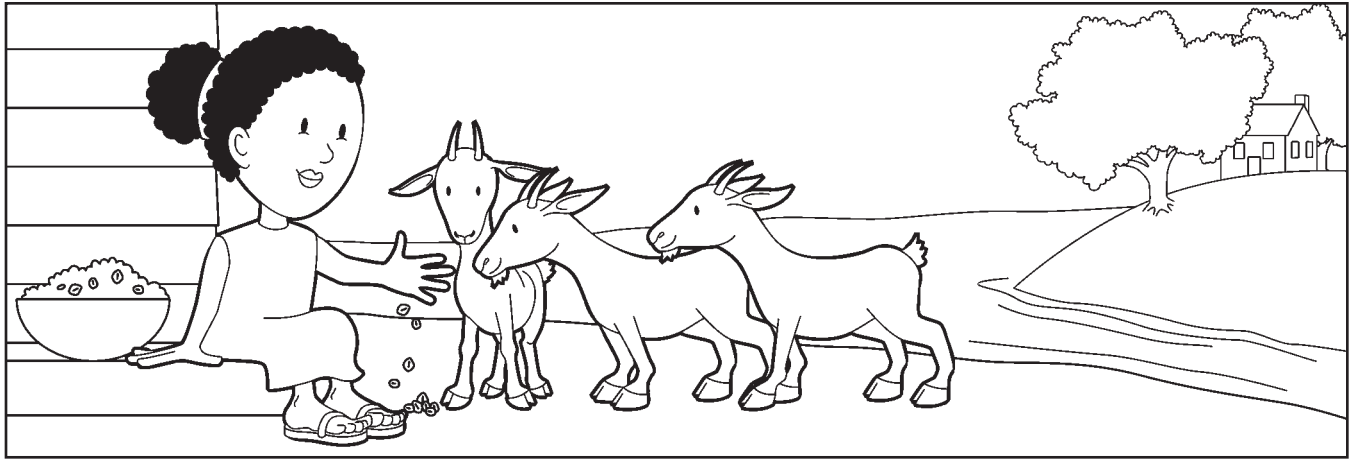


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ELEMENTS USED IN THIS BOOK	
New phonic element	long o digraphs
Reviewed phonic elements	vowel digraphs, consonant digraphs
Review Story Word	breakfast
New high-frequency words	along, under
Special considerations	inflectional endings -ed, -er, -ing, -s, -ly; two-syllable decodable words

Joan's Goats and Moe's Crows
Decodable Book 47
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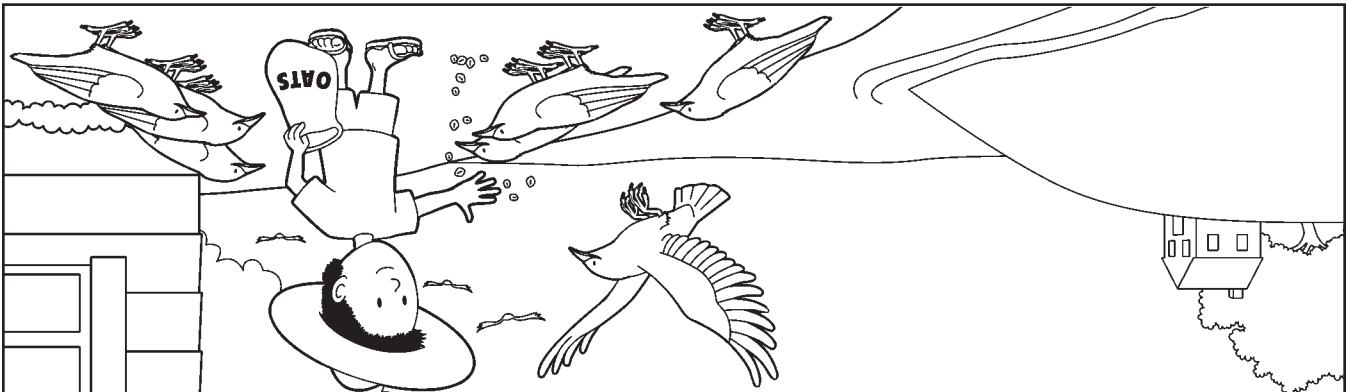


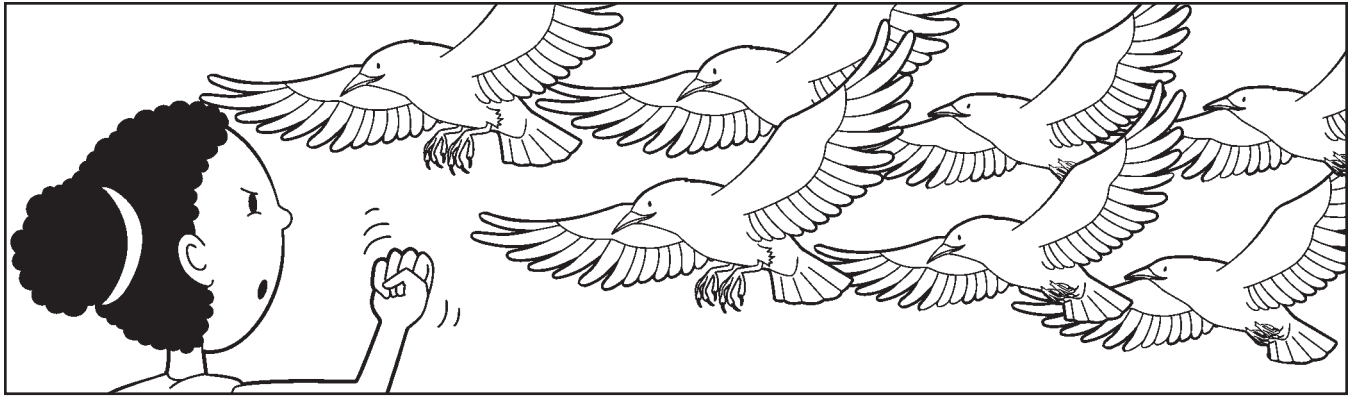
Joan lived near the coast by the sea.
 She raised goats, and she liked
 to grow oats for them.
 The goats liked to eat oats.
 In fact, they liked to eat most things.

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Moe had a place down the coast
 from Joan.
 Moe did not like goats,
 but he liked crows.
 Moe's crows liked oats, and that
 was bad for Joan.



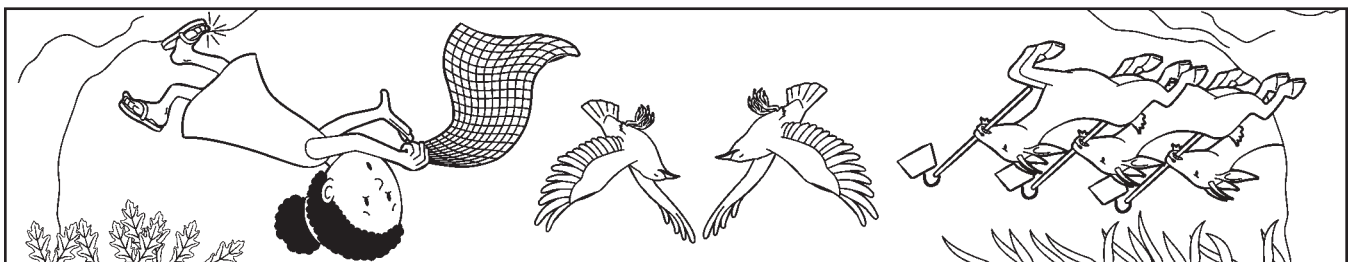


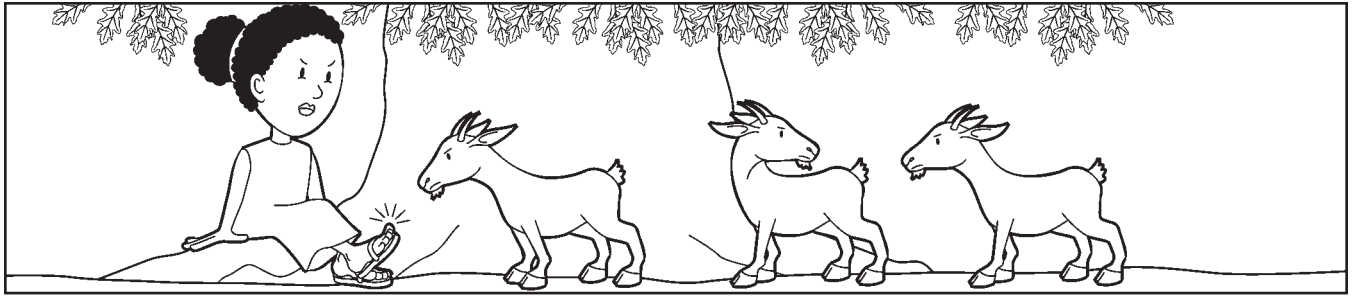
Each day, Moe's crows would fly
to Joan's place to eat her oats.
This made Joan very mad.
She moaned and groaned to Moe
about his crows.
But Moe did not stop his crows.
Moe and Joan were no longer friends.

5

6

One day Joan waited by an oak tree
with a net to throw over the crows.
The goats waited under a willow tree
with hoes to chase the crows.
But they were too slow to catch
the crows.
And Joan stubbed her toe chasing them.



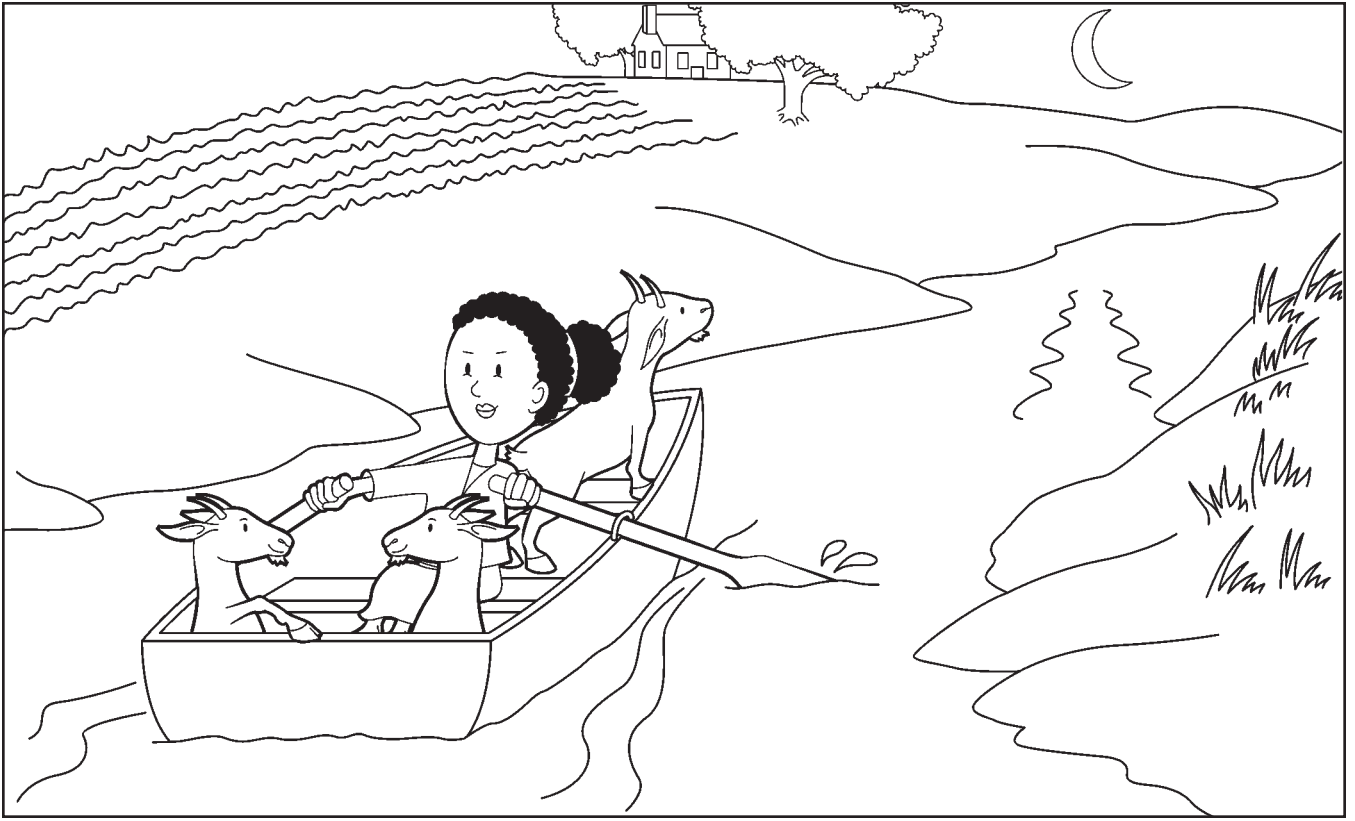


Joan sat down to think of a plan.
"I know what I will do," she said.
"I will take my goats to Moe's place
to eat the grain he grows.
That will fix the old toad."

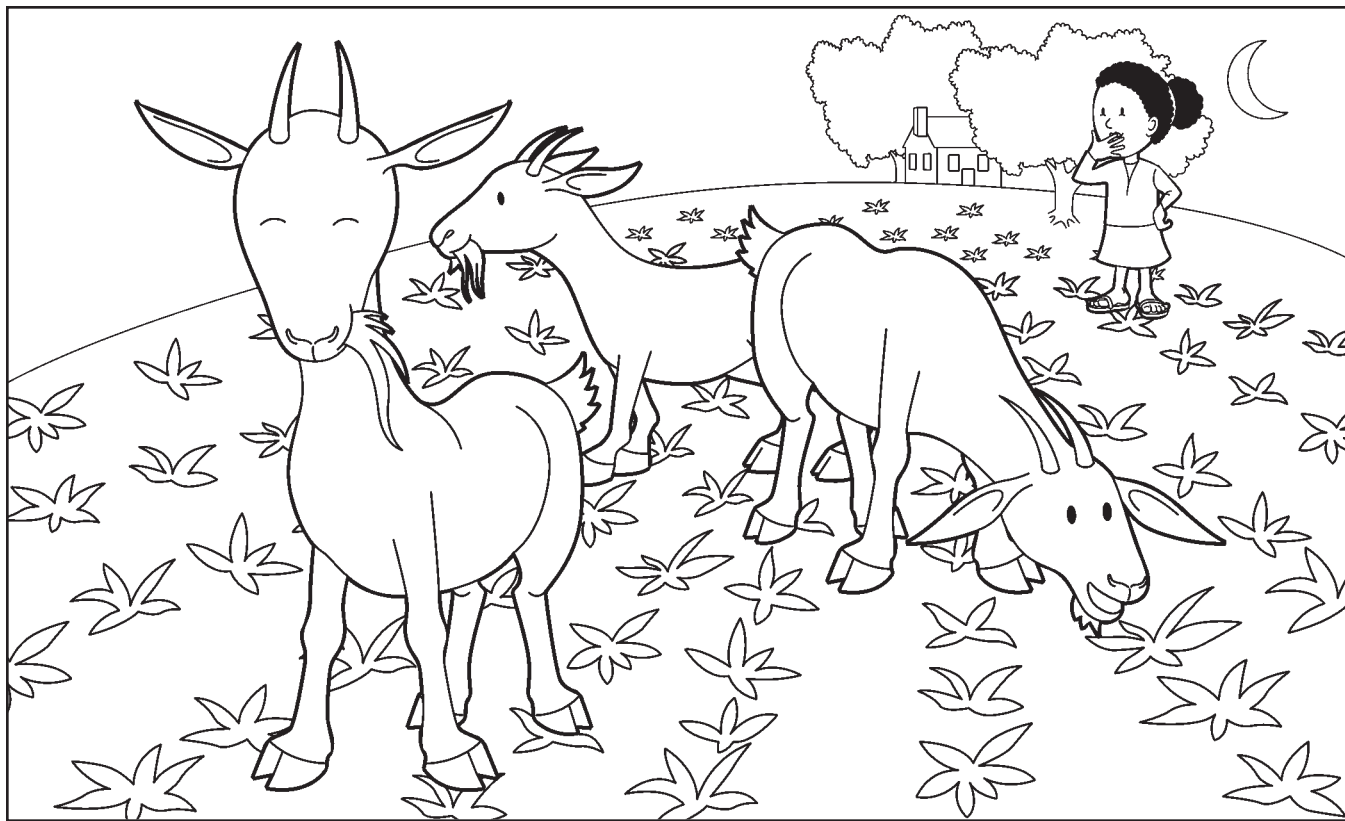
7

8

As the sun went down, Joan loaded
her goats into a rowboat.
They floated down the coast to Moe's
under the cloak of the black sky.
"Moe will be sleeping," said Joan.
"He will not know we are there.
His crows ate my oats, and now
my goats will eat his grain."



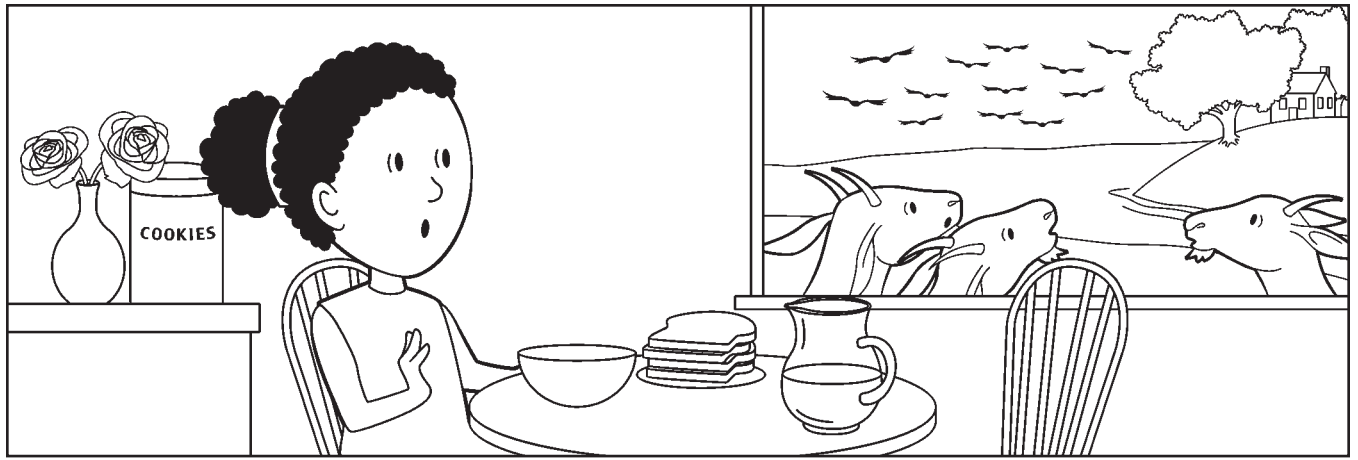
Joan's goats got out of the boat.
They headed up the road to Moe's field.
The goats roamed all over the field.
They had a feast eating all the crops.
Just as the sun glowed in the east,
Joan loaded her goats into the boat.
She rowed slowly back to her place.



11

12

Joan sat down to breakfast.
She had a bowl of home-grown
oatmeal and a stack of wheat toast.
It made her smile to think of
her goats eating all of Moe's crops.
Just then, she looked out the window.
She saw a big flock of crows heading
for her place.
"Oh, no," she said.
"Now Moe is going to get back at me."



"This could go on and on," Joan said.
 "I should just speak to Moe and treat
 him like a friend, not a foe."

So Joan rowed her boat to
 Moe's place.

13

"We must stop this, Moe!" she told him.
 "We should not be foes.
 We should try to get along."
 They sat and spoke about things
 while they ate oats and toast.
 "Being friends is much better than
 being foes," they both said.

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